

## VANITY OF VANITIES.

AND YET THE FAIR SEX MUST BE IN FASHION.

Mrs. Harper Has Been at the Openings, and She Tells What She Saw There—No End of Novelties That Call For a Fortunate Chance.

*Special Correspondence.*  
NEW YORK, March 22.—"Opening" has been the magic word to draw womankind, like children, after the pied piper, only instead of wandering away, never to be heard of more, these ladies bob up serenely at supper time and tell their patient bluebells of the glories of the openings, wherewithal flowers, ribbons and jewels dazzled the eyes and made them weep and all wish for Madam's wand or Fortune.



SILK WAIST AND TEA JACKET.  
TUNICAS' purse. If there is a husband who has kept his purse strings tied this week, I would like to see him—in a very strong cage. He would be a curiosity and a wrench and bridle and several other things quite too numerous to mention.

To return to the openings. We find everything on earth in the way of wearing apparel, all either quite new or else made over or up in some manner that makes virtually a new thing of it. The new waists and tea jackets take up quite a large space in public notice just now. All the crisp "rustle" silk are made into loose blouse basques, with single or double frills down the front, jabot fashion. Some have high collars, some chokers, and many have turned down sailor collars with a ruffle around them. They have bustos, puff or angel sleeves, as may be, and cost from \$3 to \$5 nicely made.

There are pretty silken waists in various colors, generally plain silk, trimmed with lace and ribbon. These are for young ladies for spring and summer wear. A dainty tea jacket was of lilac brocade, with cuffs of white velvet, with ruffles at the wrists. There is a plastron front, with white velvet reveres and a jabot of lace over a full silk waistvest. At the neck there is a high heliotrope velvet collar and bow.

Among the silks with new features seen at the openings I notice brilliant taffetas, almost as crisp and crackly as paper, but a strong and serviceable silk. Much black silk will be worn, chiefly in the lighter qualities. There is a line of very pretty narrow striped silks—black and white.

There are novelties in woolens, in changeable tweeds, crystal bengalines, armures, French crepon, English and French bantings, mélanges, vigorous, splash checks, printins, bannuckles, burn tweeds, hopsack, brocaded wools, heather mixtures, illuminated cheviots, veuls du nord, vignettes, hemispheres, serges and cashmeres, both plain and printed, besides novelties in the whole line of priestly woolens.

In trimmings the foremost are jet guimpes of all widths and styles and no end of new ideas in open work casto braid. It lies charmingly. Jet spangled lace will be very popular on everything that will bear them. Venetian point, vanfyke point, insertions of all kinds, point de paris and point de genc are all seen and seen in abundance.

In the main the dresses and wraps are neat and tasteful, but once in awhile some exaggerated fancy unites one's eyes



LATE NOVELTIES.

bulge out with surprise. But I will let them pass and tell of two costumes that were at once highly novel and original as well as pretty. One of them was a dull indigo blue surah, with a band of black russum lace set over gold colored satin and bordered with fur. The waist and cuffs were covered with lace, but the bertha and sleeves were of gold colored satin.

The other was a pelisse costume of terra cotta ladies' cloth, closely fitting at the waist and reaching to the feet, devoid of all trimming. There was a cape of garnet velvet cut in a simple circle from the neck to the waist. Over this was a shawl shaped cape or pelisse braided with fine black soutache. This pelisse had the bias edge folded in as if it was a little double shawl whose ends met in front at the bottom of the cape. It made a very quaint but effective outfit. When a long pelisse like this is worn, it is rarely expected that the garment be removed in a short visit, and the very best dressers do not like to put a fine dress on beneath it, as these long garments crush all the freshness out of a gown in a couple of hours wearing. So the pelisse is economical.

OLIVE HARPER.

## HUMOR.

## GEORGIE'S ATTEMPT.

He Makes It In the Cause of True Love, but It Falls.

deer editor—I comewid 2 think I cood trust bil jonsen but I find i can't.

marie green & me had a fit on monds am she horily told me she cool nev er b mine, i pled & pled but she turned her cold baht on me an sed no, she sed she b'leved i was a hirtless crook an she had no time 4 me.

pit me, pit me, i sed.

my pit is turned 2 mind, she sed.

i told bi jonsen about it an he sed, wats the use ov worryin yourself about a woman, shak her.

(that's the way bil talks since he smokes cigerates.)

i love her bil, i sed, i can't give her up want 2 find out if she loves u, sed bil yes, i sed.

comit suicide, sed bil.

wants that, i sed.

kill yourself, bil sed.

then i wil no 2 late, i sed.

wel, sed bil, i tel n wat, u onli make it leav bil self, i will help u. lat u write a letter to her telling u have killed yurself in the barn.

so i ritid the letter:

dear, dear, marie—bi the time u gettah whi most ded, i cannot live without u, fair-well, yur true love,

now, sed bil, u tak a life in yr hand an put red paint all over yr face like u had cut your throat, an lay down as male b'love u r diein. I will go an git the note 2 marie, an wen she coms she wil think u r most ded an u wil mo if she will think it or not.

so i got the paint an put it on nol fade an hands, an smud got on my coat my pants, i looked like i was entil over, then i laid down an comewid 2 die. i kept groanin & groanin & waitin a marié cum, i gess i was about half a hour an the paint was al gettin on an ne marie cum, bi & bi her head footstep, bi the barn an i comewid 2 di orif hard. wave is ho, sed a voice.

in here, sed bil.

now, marie green, if u nint got a liart like stone u will pit me & love me, i sed 2 malif.

3 men cum in the barn with bil and sed pa.

i was a doctor & i was a policeman, the doctor sed the blood was oul paint, the policeman sed i wortly talk up i play in trials on the law, an pa talk me up in the garret an clubbed me 4 gitin paintal over me close.

bil jonsen didn't give marie green the note at all an she herd all about what i done & tellin people about a man trish 2 kill hisfelf 4 her.

bill jonsen & her are veri talk. cursis on him, georgia, New York Mercury.

## Torn About Is Fair Play.

"How are the farmers making out this year?" asked a New Yorker, a former resident of Vermont, of a friend from the old home.

"Poorly," replied the Green Mountain man. "You recollect old Bill Thompson? Well, he's no more. It came illustrates the condition of affairs. It came around the end of the year, and he hadn't made enough to pay his man, so he had to sell a yoke of oxen to get money."

"When he turned the peddles over to the fellow, he said, 'Tom, times are hard, farming's played out, and I've got to let you go.'"

"But," said Tom, "you've got more cattle. I'll serve you and look for my wages in cattle."

"And when they're all gone what will you do?"

"What will I do?" queried Tom. "Why, then, you'll work for me, don't you see, and get all your cattle back again?"—New York Herald.

## The Cause of Death.

An examiner once visited a college of some importance in the north of England.

Among other questions he asked what was the cause of death.

No one could answer.

At last one of the pupils got up and said:

"The earth turns on its axis once in every 24 hours with such a rapidity that it peripetes and thus produces death."—Spare Moments.

## A Booby.

"Why, the fellow kept asking me his host, if my witticisms were original. What does that show?"

"It shows that he is a man who has read very little."—Truth.

## A Revelation.

"Maybe It is a Sheep."

While Daniel Neal of Williamson was prospecting in the vicinity of Northwest Ridge a few days since he discovered in a pit, where it had evidently been driven by dogs, a strange looking animal. It was short legged, standing about 18 inches high, and had a head somewhat like a sheep, with two short horns. Its body was shaped like a goat's, color white, with black spots. It had evidently been in the hole some time, as it eagerly devoured browse which Mr. Neal broke off and threw to it. After some difficulty he succeeded in getting the animal from the hole, and taking it upon his back he packed it seven miles to Sebco lake, where he loaded it upon a toboggan and hauled it to Williamson, where it can now be seen.—Eastern Argus.

## Baseball in England.

It will probably surprise a good many people to learn that there is such a body as the London and National Baseball association.

But they met at the Holborn restaurant the other day, and to judge from the short report of their proceedings they must be quite important.

They boast of challenge cups and other trophies to the value of nearly \$3000,

and various theatrical celebrities, including Mr. Henry Irving, have expressed



A PRETTY BODICE PATTERN.

## SELECTIONS.

## ANCIENT PHOTOGRAPHS.

An Interesting Collection Which Was Gathered From the Tombs of Egypt.

A collection of portraits 2,000 years old makes an interesting exhibit not only to art connoisseurs, but to everybody curious enough to know what manner of men and women once inhabited this old earth. The Theodor Graf collection of unique Greek portraits, now hung at the Academy of Fine Arts, gives for the first time an idea of the work of the portrait painters of the second and third centuries B. C.

These paintings were not made for the "family galleries" of old Egyptians proud of their ancestors, but were "mummy faces." It was the ancient Greek custom to represent the countenance of a dead person at the head of a mummy or coffin, somewhat like the Indians of Peru, and in the Greek-Roman epoch for the plastic head with conventional features was substituted a real portrait of the dead.

One entire "face mummy" is shown in this exhibit, brought, like the other "faces," from the cave cemetery of Rabyat, in central Egypt. Ages ago theives ransacked this celebrated necropolis, throwing away these painted panels upon the desert sands. The 90 exhibited in Graf's collection are thin panels of wood, many now cracked and warped, bearing the faces of a few Egyptians, several Syrians or Phenicians and many fixed features of that Greek epoch.

They mostly belong to the higher classes, as is evident in the abundant jewels of the women, the golden wreaths of the men, the ribbons, Pompeian-like shoulder stripes and Iris buttons and even the "Lock of Youth," the ancient badge of the sons of the pharaohs. The colors have mellowed like those of the old masterpieces, and Rembrandt himself would not be ashamed of the strength shown in the best of them. Some of the pictures shown of the oval faced Egyptians and the dark, almond eyed Jewesses are modern enough in spirit and treatment to be up stairs with the sixty-third annual exhibit of the academy. The rich coloring and delicate tints awakened even Melson's admiration.

The collection reveals also in the most interesting manner all the technical experiments employed by the ancients. They devised the art of painting with variously colored wax and the process of burning it in. It has thus gained the name of "pycaneistic painting." The wax was put on by means of a lancet-shaped cresset or spatula. A brush was used sometimes as well as this graving tool, and there are exhibited several remarkable examples of distemper.—Philadelphia Record.

A Natural Mistake.

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their sympathies with the objects of the association. Really, what with the importation of golf from Scotland and baseball from America, our poor old cricket and football may one of these days be found begging their bread in France and the colonies.—St. James Gazette.

The Typewriter in the Orient.

The typewriter seems to be coming more into public use abroad than in this country. A rather amusing instance of its effect on orientals is related in The Statesman. One of them lately initiated an elaborate series of complaints against a high judicial officer. "This new kam," observed his critic, "habitually neglects his duty." All day in cutcherry he amuses himself by playing the baha and never listens to the witnesses who come before him." The piano which this unfortunate official who was threatened with writer's cramp, used to play in his cutcherry was a typewriter, on which he recorded his depositions.—London Globe.

## Photograph Lecture.

A London correspondent says that Professor Hubert Herkomer of the Royal Academy has put the photograph to a new and excellent use at his studio. He delivers into the instrument his art lectures, and students come at certain hours and turn the professor on as often as they feel inclined. For classes that are continually changing this is an enormous advantage.

## Continued.

Our professor was lately lecturing at the "annex" to a class of three. In the course of his talk he came to an exposition of his views as to woman's functions in the body politic. "Woman," he is reported to have said, "are merely the element of beauty in life. Their business is to make life graceful, and they can't do that, you know, unless they themselves are pretty and graceful. If a girl is not pretty, she might just as well vanish from the face of the earth as that," he qualified as he gazed at the three sober spectators in front of him.—er-unless—she's tolerably prettys, you know."—Boston Budget.

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